



## Farm News from November

Floods in BC have had a big impact on our farm. With bridges washed out and highways closed the pork which represents so much of our income had no place to go. With Vancouver cut off indefinitely the question was what to do with the 3000 pounds of fresh pork.



"Freeze it" I said "to be safe".

It took a week before the road opened up again (temporarily) and the frozen pork was delivered but not without consequences. The stores we sell to only ever deal with fresh product, not frozen so it was new to them. What I also realized was that in all the decades of eating pork, thousands of meals, we've never had fresh pork, always frozen. It's always been so delicious. Could it be better?

Grass fed beef. It's been around for thousands of years, ever since cows evolved into beef, interrupted only by the "quick gain from grain" movement.



Grass fed has so many advantages both to the environment and the cows but also to the consumer. Higher in key nutrients, beneficial fats, omega 3's. The list goes on. It's all we've ever produced, both beef and bison. But what about pork? No one feeds grass or hay to pigs. No one except us and the pigs love it. The new super food?

Stories in the snow. The fresh snowfall is like a new chapter in the book of observations. Every snowfall is a new chapter that builds on the old. Anywhere anything touches the snow, leaves a story. It could be the moose that crossed the road during the night or the otter that passed near to the house. It could be that part of the road where there's a bit of cell reception. Those tire tracks almost went into the ditch. That embarrassment will be there until the grader comes to erase them.

Then there were the little weasel tracks heading in the direction of the chickens. I tried to capture the fascinating story on camera but the dogs also found it interesting and left their own tracks.



Too bad for that weasel, he didn't realize it would be his last trip to the chicken house. The fresh morning snow showed his tracks just scampering along, carefree. Perhaps breakfast on his mind. Suddenly those tracks were replaced by wings imprinted in the snow. Owl? Then those startled weasel tracks were bouncing but only for a few more feet until more wings left their mark, this time with some tiny drops of blood. That's where the story ended. The weasel's first flight, and last. The stories are endless but only if you are there to read them, always leaving your own story behind you. Fresh Snow, the Book (available for a short time only).

Jerry